

DIARY NOTES

REMINISCENCES

by J E Hanauer

{Note from Barry: Throughout this section paragraphing and sentence length needs attention. Also there are too many etc.'s throughout.}

My very earliest recollection is that of a shower of rain. I was standing just inside the door of a room opening on to a paved terrace and gazing with wonder at the water tumbling from the skies, and especially at the small, but instantly and constantly, widening circles made in the little pools formed in the hollows of the uneven plain. It seemed to me such a marvellous thing. My baby brain became excited. "Where did these drops of water come from?" Where, overhead, there was now a dull expanse of grey, I yesterday saw brilliant blue, with birds every now and then darting across. "Poor birdies," I now thought, "They have melted away like the sugar plums the Hajjiyeh, our servant, gave me to keep me quiet whilst Mamma was writing a letter. Yes! that was it. The birds had become water and were now falling to the ground. What other explanation could there be for this strange sight?"

"Mamma," I cried, "Mamma dear, tum and tee, mayeh-birdies, the birdies have betun mayeh." (Mayeh is colloquial for water).

In answer I heard a laugh behind me, and my Father and Mother came up, and patting me on the head, told me that this new, wonderful thing was called "rain," and not "mayeh birdies," and that I must not go outside and get wet, but might stand where I was, and please God, when I became a big boy I should learn more about the rain that God sends to make the flowers grow, etc. etc. It was a small childish incident, but it is the earliest I am able to recall.

We were living at Jaffa. My Father was the Agent of the L.J.S. (London Jews' Society). I had a baby sister who was often ill. Her name was Mary. We had two servants, one Hadj Mustapha, an Egyptian, who had been a soldier in Ibrahim Pasha's army, the other his wife, our cook and maid of all work. She was entitled Hajjiyeh because she had been to El Kuds and Mecca, and was therefore very religious and devout, and my Mother, being a Nussraniyeh and a Kafreh (Christian and apostate), had many a feminine battle-royal with her about various domestic matters. I must relate one very amusing thing which illustrated the difference between her, bigot and fanatic that she was, and her husband, a jolly old boy, who ruled her with the stick, and whom she deferred to, though with remonstrances. He had also been to Mecca and was therefore a "Haj," but I fear, had he had the opportunity of repeating his pilgrimage, would have developed into the sort of character concerning which the Oriental saying, "If thy neighbour has been once to Mecca, watch and suspect him; if twice—avoid him; if thrice, move into a different part of the town from that in which he dwells." However, to my story. As ours was one of the very few European

families then dwelling at Jaffa, (as far as I remember there were only two others living inside the town, though some Americans, of whom more later on, dwelt in the orange gardens at some distance) and as there was no hotel in the place, Franks landing and unwilling, from Protestant or economic scruples, to avail themselves of the hospitality of the Latin and other Convents, used to come to our house. Amongst such was the captain of an English merchant vessel lying in the roadstead. Having been taken ill, he was brought to our house to be bled and physicked by the funny little Italian quarantine doctor, whose name I have forgotten, but whose huge repeating-watch (always opened and made to strike to satisfy my childish curiosity), I well remember. When the captain became convalescent, he, as a mark of gratitude, I suppose, presented my parents with a fine large English ham. Ham and pork were then things forbidden in such a Moslem country as Palestine. You then never saw pigs roaming through the streets, as you now do at Jaffa, Bethlehem, Jerusalem and even at Damascus; and though Christian hunters now and then shot a wild boar in the Aujeh marshes, it was with fear and trembling, and sly modes of concealment that they managed to smuggle it into the town. My parents were therefore very much troubled as to what might happen if the Hajjiyah came to know that a portion of "the unclean beast" had been received into, and defiled our dwelling. My Mother happened to be in delicate health at the time and unable to attend to the cookery, and so it came to be a serious question as to what to do to get the ham boiled. At last my Father found a way out of the difficulty. Calling up Mustapha, he said, "Ya, Hadj: I want to ask your help, and if you give it, I shall not shorten your bakshish. You see that the Sitt is not very well. Her soul desires some of this. You have seen the world, are a man of intelligence, and I need not tell you what it is. But we fear that the Hajjiyah will make a row if she sees it. My wife cannot stand over the charcoal fire and attend to its cooking herself. What do you advise me to do?" "Ya Khowajeh," answered the rogue, "Give it to me, and I will arrange the matter for you," Then he left the room, and as he descended the stairs, we heard him shouting, "Ya Hajjiyah, thou daughter of a dog, here, take this and boil it for the Sitt." "What is it?" asked she. "Oh thou she-ass, thou bitch," roared her husband, "Dost thou not see that it is the hind-leg of an English sheep salted? Hurry up and put it into a saucepanful of water and on the fire." Without asking any more questions for conscience sake, his obedient wife did as she was told; the ham appeared on our table under the name of English mutton and the Hadj pocketed his bakshish. Of course, I was too young to remember the incident myself, though I often afterward heard my Father relate this story and others with great gusto. At the time that my recollections begin, I was probably about from two to three years of age. I had no companions, my Mother being very careful to guard me from intercourse with native children, and there was only one child of my age, Albert Kruse, the son of the C.M.S. missionary at Jaffa, whom I sometimes visited with my Mother, and who, in turn, came from time to time to play with me. He had two or three sisters, but they were big girls and I remember next to nothing about them. Now and then we had guests or visitors, people going to, or coming from

Jerusalem, or some of the American colonists from "Mount Hope." With these my Mother often had long conversations, but I was too young to take an interest, or understand what they were talking about. A few long words, "millennium, Anti-Christ, Apocalypse" however, fixed themselves in my memory as expressions which nobody else used. Besides these there was a Miss King, governess in the house of the Arab British Vice Consul, Dr. Kayat. He was one of my god-fathers: Mr. Rogers, later on Rogers Bey being the other, and Miss King my god-mother.

When I was about four years old my parents left the employment of the L.J.S. and removed to Jerusalem. The exact details of the rupture I do not know, except that there had broken out a quarrel between the Bishop and the L.J.S. missionaries on the one side, and the British Consul Finn, an Irishman, on the other. The Protestants in Jerusalem and Palestine generally were divided in consequence, most siding with the clerical party, and a few only with the Consul. My Father, influenced doubtless by my Mother, who had before her marriage been governess in the Consul's family, took the Consul's part, and lost his position in consequence, besides having to bear a good deal of annoyance and petty persecution from the German Protestants, who, of course, sided with the Bishop; and also from Hebrew Christian toadies who worshipped those whose purse-strings were, as they rightly believed, the longest.

Some of the circumstances connected with our journey to Jerusalem left their impress on my infant mind. I remember the upset in our home when our furniture was sold off, and how my poor Mother (who tried to appear calm, collected and brave when my Father was at home) often cried and spent a good deal of time on her knees with her face hidden when he was absent. At last we left Jaffa. There was no carriage-road then nor any wheeled vehicle, except perhaps a few wheel-barrows, in the country. The journey took the greater part of two days. My Father rode a horse, my Mother was placed in a "shukduf," or rough wooden frame pannier, lined with bedding and cushions, and hung on one side of a baggage-mule; and my little sister Mary and I in the other; the difference between the respective weights being adjusted by divers packages, bundles and stones put in to balance. We passed for the first time in my recollection through the lanes traversing the orange-gardens, and I still remember how frightened I was by the doleful noises caused by the creaking of the primitive water-wheels then used for irrigation. I thought that the noises were made by the ghouls whom the Hajjiyeh had often told me about, as coming to eat up naughty little children who gave extra trouble, and my poor Mother had great difficulty in allaying my alarm. It must have been about two o'clock in the afternoon when we left Jaffa, for we reached Ramleh near sunset, and after resting some hours, travelled by night towards the distant hills.

We reached them soon after sunrise and then commenced the arduous journey up-hill, along narrow mule-tracks, often along the edges of precipices and between loose rocks and boulders. We had frequently to dismount whilst the animals were carefully led along some especially dangerous bit of road, and were very tired indeed when, at

last, we reached Jerusalem. Here we lived in a room not far from Christ Church. It was a heavily vaulted chamber built in the old Jerusalem style, with very thick walls and a domed roof. The walls were simply white-washed, the floor paved with rough, badly joined “balat”, flag-stones. In the walls were deep arched recesses such as the natives were in those times wont to use to put away their bedding during the day. Our furniture was scanty and simple, for we were very poor; a deal table made to order a few days after our arrival, two or three chairs, a mat and an old carpet on the floor. The apartment was divided into two compartments by means of a curtain stretched across the middle. One side served as my parents’ bedroom. Boards laid on wooden trestles supported the mattresses and other bedding. Two or three small framed pictures hung on the walls. We had brought our cooking utensils with us, and my Mother was very particular that every meal should be eaten decently, with knives and forks and a clean table-cloth. Petroleum was still unknown in the country. The ordinary fuel for cooking was charcoal, for lamps—olive oil. The lamps used were, as a rule, very simple.



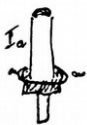
First of all there was the little locally made pottery “siraj, or saucer-lamp”. It was shaped like the ancient Canaanite lamps, consisting of an open-shell-shaped vessel to contain the oil, and one side of which was pinched in so as to hold a wick lying with one end in the oil and the other projecting about a quarter of an inch beyond the rim.



#2—was the common European-made oil lamp of painted tin. In this the oil was contained in a circular vessel, through the lid of which, screwed on to its top, passed a tube holding the wick.



#3 was a kind of lamp I have not seen during the last fifty years, also European made, but much more ingenious and elaborate than the others. It consisted of two parts—an upper and a lower. The former was a hollow cylinder made of pewter containing the flat wick, which passed through a holder at its upper end. At its lower, and perforated end, a small pipe passed through its flat bottom. The lower part, generally shaped like a circular pedestal with steps from the bottom, was the reservoir for the oil. Standing on end inside this was a miniature pump or squirt resting on, and encircled by, a spring, fixed at the bottom of the reservoir—its nozzle pointed upwards. The pipe at the bottom of the cylinder fitted on to this nozzle. Round the lower part of (I) passed a saucershaped funnel or cup, the bottom of which was perforated. It fitted loosely into the top of (II). When the reservoir was filled, you held the edges of this funnel between your thumb and forefinger, and pressed it gently downwards 2 or 3 times. This brought the pump into action and the cylinder (I) was filled with oil, saturating the wick. An overflow ran down the outside of the cylinder and drained back through the perforations in a-a into the reservoir II. This wonderful mechanical apparatus very naturally aroused my



youthful interest, and my Mother had sternly to forbid my touching it. The reason was that unless the machine was worked with the very gentlest pressure the results were disastrous, any sudden or jerky manipulation causing the oil to spurt out, sometimes carrying the wick-holder with it to a height of some inches above the top of the lamp, and drenching everything on the table, to the utter ruin of books or papers lying within reach of the greasy deluge. I have described this lamp at some length because none are ever seen now-a-days. They all disappeared after the introduction of petroleum about 1864-1865, and I have nowhere come across any description of them.

How long we lived inside the town I do not remember. My Father had found employment in connection with the "Plantation" of Mr. Finn's "Society for the Relief and Employment of Jews." He was the first superintendent, and left home early every morning, Saturdays and Sundays excepted, returning just before sunset, for in those days the city gates were regularly closed at sundown, and also on Fridays from eleven a.m. till 1 p.m. in order to enable the small Turkish garrison to attend midday service in the mosque without fear of being disturbed by sudden Bedouin raids; for it was about the time of the Crimean war, and though I did not understand all that they said, I often heard my Father discussing political news with my Mother and others, and had, besides, opportunities of looking at the illustrations in the London News, which reached us from time to time. At that time, with the exception of the block of houses at Neby Daud outside the Zion Gate, and a small cluster in connection with the little Greek convent of Mar Jirius close to the Nicopharieh mulberry and olive plantations half a mile from the Jaffa Gate, there were no inhabited houses outside the city walls. On the ridge west of the Pool named Birket Mamilla, two or three short round white towers broke the sky-line. They were the relics of wind-mills which had been erected by the Egyptian government. On the north of the city was an extensive olive-grove amongst which might still be seen the ruins of an ancient wall constructed of gigantic stones, which some years later were broken up in order to furnish material for the new Austrian Hospice built in the Via Dolarosa. Otherwise the desert, on every side, reached up to the city-walls. The approach to the Jaffa Gate from without the city was by narrow foot paths between towering heaps of refuse and grey debris. The edge of the valley just outside the Jaffa Gate reached up to about 20 yards from the latter. Along its bottom ran a road bordered by hedges of prickly-pear. Behind these on the slope of the hill opposite the citadel were large olive trees. In the hollow just above the old aqueduct on which is the 13th century Arabic inscription of Sultan Helam (now, I believe, buried) was a grove of jujube trees whose bright green foliage contrasted strangely with that of the olives on the slope of Zion and that opposite.

Saturdays and Sundays were red-letter days in our life, for my Father being at home, we often, weather permitting, took walks in the afternoon, being always careful not to venture too far for fear of robbers—and also lest we should be shut out of the town at sunset. A watchman appointed by the Belediyeh, or Municipality, used in those days

to be stationed outside the Jaffa Gate. He generally stood on the top of the rubbish heap now occupied by the building where Raad's photographic studio now is, and it was his duty to call out aloud about twenty minutes before the gate was to be closed. His voice rang out clearly all around and could be heard quite easily from Nicophorieh, Birket Mamilla, the Meidan (as the plain where the Russian buildings now stand was then called) and other spots from 2,000 to 3,000 feet distant. As soon as his call was heard everybody hurried homewards and into the city.

Great was the delight these walks occasioned, and many the treasures I brought home—flowers, empty snail shells, bits of pottery and Saracenic tiles, but more specially the little stone cubes called tesserae which might then be picked up by the score both singly and in clumps of broken mosaic pavement and with which at home my sister and I used to play at building houses, etc. Then there were wonderful living things: lizards, beetles, butterflies, grasshoppers, etc. which my parents allowed us to watch, but not to touch. My Father, however, had a case of insects collected by himself, and several bottles containing various reptiles preserved in spirits. Sunday morning, however, was a day of special delight, and I still remember how, after sundry repeated admonitions on the part of my parents to be a very good boy, not to talk or fidget during the service, I was for the first time allowed to accompany them to church. Christ Church was then the only Protestant place of public worship at Jerusalem. All was strange, wonderful and new to me. I do not think that the admonitions to good conduct were really necessary. The tones of the organ heard for the first time, especially the *Te Deum*, (Jackson's) positively enraptured and mesmerised me. The services were long:—Morning Prayer, Litany and Ante-Communion followed by sermons forty minutes to three quarters of an hour in length were very wearisome, but then I slept during the greater part of these latter, only waking up at the singing, and under such circumstances it is not difficult for a child to be good at church. However, I got to love the house of God from the very first time I was allowed to attend it, and often afterwards when a young man, lonely, friendless and having no one whom I could visit on Sunday afternoons, my only comfort was to come to the church long before the time for service, and sit there quietly thinking of loved ones departed who seemed then very near. It was like being at home again for an hour or two. Later on, when I could understand more and keep longer awake, my parents insisted on my telling them something that I had heard, either the text of the sermon, or the subject of one of the Lessons, the Gospel etc. In due time, a dwelling having been built at the Plantation, our family removed thither, and a new mode of life began. We were now altogether in the country, and new objects of interest were brought before my notice. Our dwelling consisted of two rooms and a kitchen. All three were roofed with heavy groined vaults supported on thick walls and corner piers. The double "T" iron rafters and Marseilles tiles now used in building were then unknown in Palestine. Timber was also scarce. A short distance from the dwelling was a great rain-water cistern carefully roofed over and covered with "balats."

Between it and the house was a fairly large surface of flat rock in which were excavated the vats of an ancient wine-press. The bottoms of these still retained the original flooring of tesserae. Their sides were covered with very ancient cement. Underneath the house was a curious circular cave, the walls of which were honeycombed with little niches. It was, in fact an ancient "columbarium," not a dove-cote, but one of those chambers in which the Roman settlers in Palestine used to keep the urns containing the ashes of their dead. The urns had all disappeared, but I well remember a small rude earthenware vessel which was found when the earth in the cave was cleared out in order to make room for a European iron hand-mill to crush olives. The said vessel was about two inches high.

When we moved into our new dwelling there was a great deal of bustle going on all around. Parties of Jewish workmen were busy blasting rocks, hewing stones, and building rough enclosure walls. I was for a time allowed to run wild all over the place and it was great fun watching the jumping of the holes for the charge of gunpowder, the way in which it was rammed in, and then from a safe distance, the explosion. In due time trees, chiefly olives, were planted with great ceremony. Various persons living inside the town were honoured with invitations to have a hand in this important function. The workmen having dug the holes, the person invited placed the young sapling in its hole with a few words of good wishes or prayer, and then threw one or two spadefuls of earth on to the roots. The members of the Consul's family and also some of the missionaries thus planted each their tree. I believe that these olive trees are now large and flourishing. A few years ago I pointed out that one planted by the L.J.S. pioneer missionary, the Rev. John Nicolayson.

This gentleman sometimes rode out to see us. When he died October 6, 1856, my parents were very sorry indeed. He had been a very great friend and they missed him sorely. My Mother especially greatly appreciated his sermons. At that time it was customary for the clergy to go into the vestry during the singing of the hymn before the sermon and exchange their surplice for the black gown in which they preached. To my childish fancy there seemed something very awe-inspiring in the change of raiment. When I grew older I came to look upon the custom as trivial and childish. It was not till about 1878 that the clergy in Christ Church began to preach in their surplices. Till then it seems to have been thought a great sin, and a mark of Ritualism to do so. I think that a great deal of harm and misunderstanding is often caused by the invention of sins through conventional ideas unduly pressed.

Besides Mr. Nicolayson we now and then had other visitors. I remember how my Father one day saw a European on horseback at some distance approaching the Plantation. The telescope showed that it was Bishop Gobat himself, and to honour him my Father rushed into the house, and throwing off his rough working clothes, hurried on a clean suit. It was a very rare thing to receive an episcopal visit.

Another sort of visitor was the German naturalist, D. Roth, of Munich. He used to come and have long chats in German with my Father, who was also a Bavarian. Dr.

Roth also spoke English, and I remember his giving my Mother a thrilling account of an exploration of some ancient sepulchre, if I remember right underneath the medieval charnel house at Aceldama; and how when he had got into the innermost chamber, he hurried out again as fast as he could when the light of his candle revealed to him, arranged round the sides of the apartment, heaps of copper and other household utensils, weapons, clothing, etc. etc. which showed that he had lighted upon a robber's lair, well furnished, like the chamber opened and closed by use of the mystic word "Sesame" of which the story of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves tells such marvels.

I always rejoiced when Dr. Roth, attended by a man servant, came to our dwelling for a rest and a chat with my parents. The chief reason was that he always had a big piece of chocolate for my sister and me in his pocket. This was my first introduction to that palatable article of food. But besides this, he took trouble to interest me, child though I was, in natural and ancient objects. One day his servant brought a stone embedding a fine fossil Ammonite, or ram's horn shaped shell to show us. On another occasion he would take out of his pocket a card collecting-box containing some remarkable insect, a large beetle, locust or spider; or some rare old coin he had picked up. I distinctly remember his showing us a fine specimen of the Maccabbean Shekel and promising me a beautiful picture-book in case I found a shekel or a fossil Ammonite for him. Though I never did whilst he was alive, yet the promise was not without good effect. It made me look at the objects around me more attentively than I should otherwise have done.

Another visitor whom I recollect was a tall gaunt American named Roberts who often came in to afternoon tea with my parents and who left the mark of his influence on my after life. He had been for a number of years connected with the Methodist Episcopal Missions in India, and during his visits to us, devoted himself in a very special manner to the amusement of my little sister and myself, making us toy chairs etc. out of the pith of durrah stalks, and telling us stories about India and its heathen, illustrating the same by little wood-cuts which he brought on purpose. I remember how fascinating were his accounts in simple language easily understood by us children, of the processions and cars of Juggernaut, the widow-burnings or "suttee", the choking of aged parents with mud on the banks of the Ganges, and by their own children, and his accounts of the glorious nature of missionary enterprise. My imagination was fired, and I resolved to become a missionary myself some day when I was a man.

There was no school then which I could attend, and so my Mother had to teach me herself both to read and write, but when I had learnt to read, my resolve to become a missionary was strengthened by the perusal of a tract, "William Carey," which was given me about this time by Mr. Graham, the local lay secretary of the L.J.S., and which I still possess, carefully bound up in one small volume with some other tracts and a copy of Longfellow's "Voices of the Night and other Poems" much prized by

my Mother. Mr. Graham was a photographer, and though the art was still comparatively in its infancy, I was greatly interested, when, going to town with my Father one day, I for the first time in my life saw a camera and dark tent set up in the compound at Christ Church, and our friend tried to explain the working to me. As however, he used words which I could not understand, I was only bewildered and awed by what I was shown. To make children understand you, one should always try to descend to the level of their comprehension.

The country happened to be in a very unsettled state during the time we lived at “the Plantation.” There were disturbances attended with violence and blood-shed all over the country. Solitary assassinations as well as wholesale skirmishes, they could hardly be termed battles, often took place between the ancient factions of Keis and Yemen. The feud was so old that its origin had been lost in the mists of remote antiquity, but it had claimed its victims during many successive generations. The people of a village used to go out some fine morning armed, carrying their respective banners and singing war songs in which they taunted their enemies, who in their villages, perhaps a mile or two distant, could distinctly hear, and would then sally forth to meet them. If they really meant to fight, they were always accompanied by the women, who, as it was an understood thing that no female was to be harmed in the encounter, served as shields to their husbands and male relations—not their lovers. It was considered abominable for a woman to have a lover. If she had, or was suspected of having one, she was sure to be put to death by her own relatives. (See Murray’s Guide for 1869, p.p. 200-201)

Such a case occurred at Bethlehem about this time. A Mohammedan of the place was accidentally discovered in a cave amongst the olive-groves surrounding the place, and in the company of a beautiful young Roman Catholic widow. An uproar at once broke out in the town when the news was told. The Mohammedan fled for his life and the young woman, who, as it afterwards transpired, had only met him in order to transact some business, but had imprudently and probably thoughtlessly done so without taking the precaution to have someone else with her, now realized her danger and fled for refuge to the Latin convent. On discovering where she had found shelter, her relatives and a crowd of other people rushed to the convent, battered in the iron door, and came upon their victim. In spite of the entreaties of the monks who tried to protect her by intervening their own bodies between her and the infuriated mob, she was dragged out into the open space and publicly stabbed by her own Father. She swooned away and it was thought that she was dead, but when she opened her eyes a short time after, her brothers rushed forward and plunged their daggers into her body, after which they held up their blood-stained hands to the crowd in order to show that they had washed away the dishonour of the family. Hereupon the mob actually cut the still palpitating corpse to pieces which remained lying exposed during the remainder of the day. They were buried after sunset. “A couple of nights later however,” so a Bethlehemite woman herself told the writer, “a miracle proved that the

poor victim had been innocent of any actual wrong-doing, for a pillar of green light was then, and for many nights after, seen to issue from the grave.” However, nobody found fault with those who slew her seeing that it was generally thought that they could not have acted otherwise, if they wished to maintain the family credit.

To revert however to the fights amongst the fellahin. When a “battle” was in progress, the men on either side, in case there were no other more convenient cover, would stand or crouch behind their own women and shoot over their shoulders, under their arms, or lying on the ground over their laps, or from between their feet, and then deem themselves **heroes**. (See Consul Finn’s “Stirring Times.”) There were also many cases of murder from reasons of private or family revenge. One of these made a great impression. A Moslem of Jaffa had been shot in one of the orange-gardens by a well-known enemy who escaped to Jerusalem. At the instigation of the relatives of his victim he was arrested by the authorities there and sent to Jaffa, escorted by a strong guard of Khyaleh, or irregular cavalry. The prisoner, strongly bound, was seated on horse-back behind one of the guards. It was known in Jaffa that he would be brought in for trial. When the cavalcade reached the open space in front of the great drinking fountain called Sebil Abu Nabut, it stopped, and the men dismounted to water their steeds. The prisoner, who, being bound could not dismount without help, was left on horseback. Suddenly, and from the thick foliage of the great sycamores on either side of the open space, two shots were fired at the same moment. The prisoner fell from the horse, dead, and two lads of sixteen and eighteen, the sons of the man whom he had murdered, were seen leisurely descending from the sycamores, each with a smoking flint-lock gun in his hand. A veiled woman, their Mother, who had been sitting unnoticed at the foot of a tree, now quietly arose and walked between them to the town, amidst the applauding shouts of the loungers in the open-air coffee-shop at the Sebil, and crowds of others who gathered around and cried as she and her sons returned home in triumph, “Behold ye! Behold ye! the Lioness, the Mother of lions.” “Shufu il Lebweh, Um Esh Shubul.” (See Frankel’s “Nach Jerusalem” vol. II)

It was about this time that my parents heard of the murder of F.G., an American-German, whom they had known at Jaffa and whose wife was an American. The poor fellow was shot one night at his own house-door by a party of Moslem ruffians, who, after ill-treating his wife, compelled her to make coffee for them whilst the corpse of her husband still lay weltering in blood. The United States Government in due time took notice of this outrage and sent a man-of-war to Jaffa to demand and obtain the punishment of the murderers. As a result a man was hanged at the yard-arm; but in 1890 the tradition was current at Jaffa that the sufferer was not the real criminal, but a poor black and almost imbecile bread-seller who was persuaded to allow himself to be put into chains and handed over to the Americans, who, he had been told, greatly admired negroes and would be sure to set free and enrich any they saw ill-treated.

The Jews at Hebron also suffered very much in the way of outrage and plunder from the turbulent and fanatical Moslem peasantry under the leadership of the notorious

black-guard Abd er Rahman. As many of them were subjects or Proteges of various European powers, some of the consuls rode to Hebron from Jerusalem in order to see what could be done for them. The rascal Abd er Rahman, however, had before their arrival extorted from his victims through threats and rougher means, written declarations that they had received nothing but kindness at the hands of himself and followers. When the consular officials arrived at Hebron, Abd er Rahman met them in so blustering a manner that, as was afterwards reported in Jerusalem, the representatives of the European Powers were fairly cowed; and, on hearing that the arch-rascal was planning to detain them as hostages for the levying of black-mail and a ransom, and was only awaiting the arrival of a contingent of his followers from Dura in order to overpower them and the few “Khyalah” who formed their escort, the Consuls made haste to beat a retreat and return to Jerusalem without doing anything for their proteges.

All over the country the hatred of the Moslems towards the Christians, whether native or European, was steadily increasing, possibly on account of the vague bazaar-rumours current concerning the Indian rising against the English. In Jerusalem the Christians generally were panic-stricken, and on one occasion, when it became known that two Roman Catholics had killed a Mohammedan and afterwards fled with the connivance of the Latin Patriarch, many of the Christians closed their shops, and locked themselves into their houses, barricading their windows for two whole days, in hourly anticipation of an attack by their infuriated Moslem townsmen. As a matter of fact it was only the influence of one of the leading Effendis that prevented a massacre. (See Memoirs of Bishop Gobat)

At Nablus, the publication on April 4, 1856, of the Hatti Humayun, or decree of the Sultan, assuring Christians living under Turkish rule of full liberty of conscience, equal rights of citizenship with the Moslems, and eligibility for all offices of state, excited a riot during which the house of the English consular agent, a native, was sacked, Bishop Gobat's school-house plundered, and in part destroyed, one Christian murdered and others badly wounded. As no punishment was ever inflicted on the rioters the hostile attitude of the Mohammedans steadily increased everywhere.

During the whole of this time of peril and unrest our family were, by God's grace, preserved unhurt. About a quarter of a mile west of our dwelling some Germans connected with the Swiss Christian Pilgrim Mission had begun building what ultimately developed into that great missionary institution—Schneller's Syrian Orphanage. They were attacked one night and compelled to defend themselves with fire-arms, wounding at least one of their determined assailants who, several times that night, returned to the attack. No such attempt ever disturbed us in our dwelling. During the day many of the neighbouring fellahin came and went. Possibly our very poverty was, under Divine Providence, the reason why we were exempt from attack. It could not have been the old flint-lock which hung ostentatiously on the wall between two small framed pictures, facing the entrance to our house, and which my

Father used regularly to discharge and then carefully reload before retiring for the night.

My life was, for a boy's, rather lonely. I had no companions of my own age. My Mother would not allow me to associate either with the Jewish or the fellah children who came round our place. She believed, perhaps rightly, that I would learn more harm than good from them. Every day she set me lessons which I had to recite by dinner-time, or be debarred from the meal. I remember being one day set a page of Lindley Murray's Grammar to learn by heart. I preferred not to learn it and told my Mother so. She quietly answered, "No Grammar, no dinner." I went out to play, returning at dinner-time very hungry, but without having learnt my lesson. My Mother refused to give me any till I said my lesson. Finding that tears and coaxing and promises were unavailing I took the discarded book and learnt my task. When I had repeated it correctly, my Mother gave me a dry crust and a glass of water. I protested, knowing that she had cooked something which I was specially fond of, and asked for my share, "Had you behaved yourself and learned your lesson in time, as you could easily have done, had you chosen," said my Mother, "you would have had it, but as you preferred being naughty, this is all you will have till supper-time, so you can take it or leave it." By this time I was so hungry that the crust tasted delicious. My Mother's firmness however, had a very wholesome effect. After this my lessons were always learnt in time, and well.

In the afternoon I had a writing lesson. If I had been very good during the day I was allowed to stay up after supper whilst my Mother read some English book aloud to my Father. My parents were connected with the local Literary Society, and borrowed books from its Library. In this way I heard my Mother read Scott's Poems, Burton's journey to Mecca, Layard's Nineveh Lalla Rookh, etc. I cannot pretend that I remembered or even understood all that was read, but I was allowed to ask questions and the meaning of words new to me, when the reading ended. My own special lesson-books were the Bible, Murray's Grammar, an old geography, Magnall's Questions on History, etc., and a copy of the Eton Latin Grammar from which, under my Mother's direction, I committed to memory the 5 declensions of nouns and some of the adjectives. My own books of recreation were Sandford and Merton, a copy of which was sent by some of my Mother's friends in England, Old Humphrey's Tales in Rhymes for Boys, some volumes of "The Church of England Magazine", and of Chamber's Journal. Robinson Crusoe and Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress I did not become acquainted with till some years later.

In the meantime, and with some years interval, two brothers, Alick and Philip were born. The latter only lived a few months, but with the increase of family cares my parents realized that something must be done to obtain proper schooling for me, and as, about this time, a Hebrew Christian started a day school in the town, I was regularly sent thither and fetched home morning and evening under the charge of one of the day-labourers at the Plantation. My long loneliness had made me shy of

strangers, and I suffered very much at first from the bullying and practical jokes of my school-fellows who must naturally have derived great amusement from my timidity and simplicity. At home I had firmly forced upon me that the whole duty in life of “a good boy” was contained in the formula, “Speak when you’re spoken to, Do what you’re told, Shut the door after you, Come when you’re called,” but now I was rudely taught that it is often necessary **not** to do what you’re told, or at any rate to think first who it is that tells you, and what; and till I learnt this I got into several serious scrapes. The teaching, as in all English schools with which I ever had acquaintance, was miserably poor. The reading books excepted, no two boys had exactly the same lesson books. The teacher was wont to set each lad different lessons to be learnt at home, and next day, or the day after, or a week later, or not at all sometimes would, whilst the whole school was practicing calligraphy with quills, (steel nibs being then very rarely used), call up one lad or the other to say his lessons, and it often happened that there was a difference of opinion between teacher and scholar as to what was the lesson last set. The only benefit I gained during my attendance at this school, which, by the way, had been started in opposition to Bishop Gobat’s, was that I committed the multiplication-table to memory and learnt the first simple rules of arithmetic, and the Arabic alphabet.

Sometime after my joining this school, our family removed for some months to Urtass, where the farm directed by Mr. Meshullam was, in some way or other, connected with Mr and Mrs. Finn’s Agricultural Plantation. Here I found some curious double-handled ploughs and other farming implements which were relics of the American Adventist Colony of which an account has been elsewhere given. (See Pal. Ex. F. Q. St. for April 1900, pps 124-142 to form Appendix I)

Our stay at Urtass has left in my memory the recollection of three things. Firstly, the anxiety we all felt because of the friction between the Government and the Ta’amirah Bedouin, whose camps were only a few miles distant, and in an encounter between whom and the Turkish troops, the latter were worsted at Rachel’s Tomb, losing an officer and having several men wounded. This was the last incident of the kind in the Jerusalem District. In the end Saph ez Zir, as, if I remember rightly, the Ta’amirah leader was named, put his keffieh round his neck and surrendered to the Government. He and the most important men of the tribe were put into prison where they languished for some years. They were still there when the cholera broke out in 1865 and the Turkish garrison removed into camp at the Neby Samwil, leaving the town practically bereft of defenders. Seizing the opportunity, Saph ez Zir, his followers and other prisoners, broke out of jail. In order to enable the latter to escape from the city unhindered, the chieftain himself coolly and ostentatiously walked through the most public streets of the city loudly clanking his chains. This caused a sensation, the report that the prisoners were free raised an alarm and caused a panic. After some time the police and a few soldiers who had been left behind on sentry-duty mustered and recaptured the sheikh. His men had however, by this time, succeeded in getting

off. After this escapade he was sent a prisoner to Constantinople, where, I believe, he died.

Secondly, it was whilst we were at Urtass that we heard of the death of Miss Creasy. She was an old lady, very intimate with the Consul's family, and an enthusiastic and honorary missionary to the Jews. Being summer, she used to spend the nights outside the city, at the camp close to the Consul's country house El Talbiyeh. One afternoon she imprudently left the town, as it appears quite alone, in order to go to the camp, which however, she never reached. Her absence causing alarm, search was made for her, but it was not till several days later that her remains badly mangled by beasts were discovered. She had been murdered by some person unknown. I was about eight years old at the time. The news horrified us.

Thirdly, it was during the time that we were at Urtass that I for the first time beheld a comet, a very large one which appeared nightly. Since then I have seen several others, but that which appeared nightly in 1861 or thereabouts excepted, none like this one either in size or brilliancy except Halley's in 1910.

We returned to Jerusalem in the autumn. Instead of going back to live at the Plantation we resided in the town. The school had for various reasons been given up, and so I was sent to the day school which had recently been opened under the auspices of the L.J.S. and was under the care of a friend of my Mother's. Here the English teaching was in some things better than at the first school I attended. The chief difference was that the pupils, after reading a chapter in the Bible, or having had something else read to them, were required immediately after the lesson to write out from memory their own account of it. For home lessons however, the same slipshod system followed in the other school was in vogue. The English lessons were given in the fore-noon. Once or twice a week we had lessons in Hebrew, and every afternoon was devoted to the study of German, which I soon learnt to read, though I did not either understand or speak it, our home-language being English.

The German congregation at that time, and for many years later, formed one with the English and the Hebrew Christian, under the united Bishopric, a few words concerning which may not be out of place here. Soon after the Egyptian Government had been driven out of Palestine in 1840, King Frederic William IV of Prussia, desiring to ameliorate the condition of the Christians in the Holy Land generally, thought out first of all a scheme by which the country, especially Jerusalem, should be placed under the protection of the European Powers, and garrisoned by an army consisting of respective contingents of troops furnished by the different countries. As this idea seemed impractical, and roused no interest, he then conceived a different plan which was to secure for the Protestants in the Holy Land equal privileges with the Greek, Latin and other Churches. Accordingly he proposed to the British Government, through Chevalier Bunsen, the establishment of a United Protestant Bishopric in the Holy City. The offer was accepted, and some dissenting voices notwithstanding, carried out with success, England and Germany appointing the Bishop

in turn till 1886, when the Germans withdrew from the arrangement, and their congregations, which had in the meantime become large and important, were established on a footing quite independent of the Anglican see. During the time of union however, the German congregation worshipped in Christ Church, attending the English Morning Service, whilst on alternate Sunday afternoons the Service was held in German, one week according to the Anglican Prayer-book, and the next according to the Lutheran. My Father attended the German Service, but my Mother, who did not know the language, took me with her on Sunday afternoons to the English meetings held in the house of the American Baptist missionary Dr. Barclay of Virginia, author of "The city of the Great King." Dr. Barclay's house stood on the brow of Zion, and the room in which the meetings were held overlooked the Tyropoeon. From its windows one could see Robinson's Arch, the Wailing place and the Haram area beyond, with the Mt. of Olives as a background. On the wall behind the speaker's table hung a coloured picture, a copy of Turner's Destruction of Jerusalem by Titus. (This picture has for many years past been removed to the Convent of the Cross at Jerusalem). All this I found very interesting. English or American travellers who had found their way to Jerusalem, sometimes addressed us. About forty years later, I happened to be one day dining at the "Grand New Hotel, Jerusalem," when an elderly tourist began to speak of a former visit he had made to Jerusalem, of the changes that had taken place since then, and of these meetings in Dr. Barclay's house. When he ceased speaking I said, "At one of those meetings you addressed us from such and such a text."

"How do you know?" asked he.

"I was present, and remember your being accompanied by a deaf and dumb young Englishman, who was travelling under your care."

"Quite right," was the answer, "but you must have been very young at the time."

"I was about eight years old."

"Do you know what became of Dr. Barclay and his family?"

"Early in the sixties, after his daughter, the young lady who, taking her life in her hands, entered the Dome of the Rock, and afterwards the traditional Tomb of David, in disguise, and brought away water colour sketches of them for her Father's book, had married the U.S. Consul at Bayrouth, the old people and their sons left Jerusalem and I have heard no more about them."

"Well, I will tell you. It is a sad story. When the Consul-General's term of office had expired, he returned to America with his wife. There he suddenly became insane. Whilst out walking one day with his wife and mother-in-law, he unexpectedly drew a revolver and shot both dead. He ended his days in an asylum. So the last years of old Dr. Barclay were gloomy and sorrowful."

It is a curious fact that many Yankees who come to Jerusalem are either insane, or

become so in later years. The writer knows of at least two other American Consuls who went mad. One of them, a survivor of the ill-fated attempt at colonization made by Adams, about which I have written elsewhere. The other, who before he came to Palestine, had joined and then left I do not know how many different Protestant sects, and quarrelled with his wife and children, who tried to get him declared a madman by the legal tribunals, ended by becoming and dying a Jew. He lived next door to us, and was an object of special terror and aversion to my sister and myself, for the reason that he was a hater of cats, and shot every puss he caught sight of, amongst others, some of our special pets. Possibly they had been dishonest; I do not know. Jerusalem has been called "a great lunatic asylum." Perhaps it is one. Certainly not a year passes without some crazy Yankee, or mad Englishman appearing in its streets. Other nationalities alas now and then contribute monomaniacs who create a sensation, and who, as they simply cause a stir at the time without leaving any special result of their presence behind them, cannot well aspire to the honourable name of "crank."

A profound impression was produced about this time (1858 or 1859) by the death of an Englishman named Johnson or Johnston, who had resided some eighteen years in Jerusalem. He had come in order to testify that the time when the Jews should be restored to their own land was at hand. Though a Christian he adopted the garb and long love-locks of a Polish Jew. This several times exposed him to great danger from fanatic Greek and Latin Christians, who believed it a religious duty to ill-treat the Jews. On one occasion he was almost beaten to death because he passed through the court in front of the Church of the Sepulchre, which no Jew was allowed to traverse. It was at the risk of his life that Mr. Nicolayson, who happened to come up in time, rescued him. After this the poor madman remained shut up in his own hired dwelling, only issuing forth twice a day, early in the morning when he went to the baker etc. to buy provisions, and again at noon, when, as soon as the first cry of the muezzin was heard, he would come forth carrying a bugle with which he blew four blasts northward, southward, eastward and westward, and leading a lamb, the fleece of which was dyed blue—"to call together the dispersed of Israel." At last a time came when he appeared neither in the morning nor at noon, and as, after a day or two, this caused comment, the British Consul was informed of the circumstance, and directed breaking into the dwelling. The poor fellow was found dead in bed. As all through the eighteen years of his residence, he appears never to have swept or otherwise cleaned out his room, the dust lay thick in a layer two inches deep by measurement on all his furniture. His tombstone may still be seen in the Protestant cemetery on Mount Zion.

It would be a waste of time to speak at length of all the poor people who suffered from religious mania, appeared in Jerusalem, and in many cases, died there during the last fifty years. There was J. S., an English sailor, who, wrapped in his shroud, and bearing a large wooden cross swathed in white linen table-cloths, walked for several years daily through the streets, every now and then stopping at a street corner, would

harangue the crowd of Arab and other idlers who followed him (in English), about the Day of Judgment, the Scarlet Woman, always ending up with, "Where the carcass is, there shall the eagles be gathered together. You here present are the eagles, I am the carcass." The poor man at last died of fever in the English Hospital, and his cross, which he had promised to bequeath to many different persons, who had shown him kindness, and from time to time given him food, was planted in the ground at his grave's head—seeing that nobody came forward to claim it or showed a desire to take up the office of "peripatetic carcass."

After J.S. came X who, clad in Highland costume and wearing an enormous white turban, spent his time whilst in Jerusalem in carrying about a brush and black paint-pot with which he marked every convent and church building with the figures 666, the number of the beast.

There was Miss L. who believed that Napoleon III was Anti-Christ and she, herself, the woman clothed with the sun of Rev. XII, whom Napoleon III and the dragon were seeking to destroy, for which reason it several times happened that one or other of the Protestant congregation whom she visited, would, if they happened to leave her alone in a room, find to their surprise that she had disappeared by the time they returned. Later on in the day she would be discovered hidden underneath a sofa or some similar place "lest the emissaries of the French Government should arrest her."

B, another madman, managed to fix some wheels from an old clock inside one of Huntley & Palmer's biscuit-tins, and in such a manner that, if set in motion, they would go on moving for ever so long. As the inventor of this contrivance he firmly believed that he had discovered the secret of Perpetual Motion, and would therefore himself never die. Other men might come and go, but, like Tennyson's brook, he would go on forever. Being of a philanthropic, as well as a practical turn of mind, he resolved to patent his invention, for the good of his own pocket, and the welfare of each of his fellow-men as by purchasing his precious machine, would also, in some mysterious way, be able to "go on forever." As however, B. though an American, had a great regard for the British nation and government, he resolved to do nothing which might eventually harm "the almighty Anglo-Saxon race." He therefore, it is said, wrote a letter to the English Government, giving an account of his invention, stating that he would not patent it if they believed that his doing so might do any harm to their plans—seeing that unknown to him some of their political enemies might purchase his machine, and thus be able to go on forever to the detriment of Anglo-Saxons. In due time, so it was said in Jerusalem, B. received an official answer thanking him for his communication and generous offer, but saying that the British Government could not accept his most magnanimous self sacrifice, and felt sure that his invention would not harm the Anglo-Saxon race. On receiving this letter B. left Jerusalem to get his machine patented, but alas for earthly projects, he did not "go on forever," but died on the voyage. This was, if I remember right, in the seventies.

About the same time a remarkable lady, called by some La Signorina, and by others,

Madame la Marquise, was resident in the Holy City. She was a woman of education, rank and wealth, a native I believe, of the Netherlands, and a great believer in the literal fulfilment of prophecy. The passage which impressed her most was the description of the 144,000 individual Israelites gathered out of the different tribes, and standing on Mount Zion. (See Rev. VII:4; XIV:1) She believed that this prophecy would soon be fulfilled and then, "Where?" she asked herself, "will all those good people find lodgings?" After having meditated long and earnestly over this momentous question, the idea struck her that as nobody else had cared about the accommodation of the coming saints, she was bound to do so. It was clear to her that she was especially called to this duty seeing that she had plenty of money. Accordingly she bought a piece of ground outside the city, situated at the S.W. corner of the great Moslem cemetery round Birket Mamilla, on the road to the convent of the Cross, where she began to build a Hospice for the 144,000. It was on a large scale and if completed, as it never was, and never will be, would have been a gigantic structure, as may be seen from the existing ruins consisting of a set of rooms at the N. corner of the basement, now belonging to the Greek convent. When the Russian-Turkish war of 1878 broke out, the Signorina believed that the Euphrates, (i.e. Turkish Empire) would now swiftly be dried up, and so she deemed it a sacred duty to accelerate the evaporation by fitting out a regiment at her own expense in order to help the Russians. As a natural consequence, the Turkish Government put a stop to her building, and she herself was not allowed to remain in Palestine. After her death the property passed into the hands of the Greeks.

Had the Signorina been in Jerusalem when, about 1882, first crowds of Jewish Refugees from Russia and Roumania, then also Yemenite Jews from Arabia came to the Holy City, she would no doubt have believed that the gathering of the 144,000 was nearer at hand than even she had anticipated. Another lady however happened to be here. Miss A. R. P. had been a missionary governess in Tasmania and Australia and came about 1882 in her old age, to spend her last days in Jerusalem. She supported herself by giving lessons in English, Music, etc. to private pupils. She was a generous hearted, dear old lady who professed a deep knowledge of astrology and founded the most absurd theories on that profession. She drew horoscopes for her amused friends who did all they could to help her, but could not keep her from giving away all she could spare from her provisions etc. to the prisoners in the Turkish jail. Her best characteristic however was this. She was never heard speaking evil of anyone even though there were not wanting ill natured persons who were unfriendly. One of her weaknesses was to try to found theories on fancied etymological synonyms, and in this way she was the originator of the story often since repeated that the Yemenite Jews, the first party of whom came from South Arabia a short time after her own arrival in Jerusalem, were members of the tribe of Gad. She jumped to this conclusion one day when I showed her in the atlas the positions of Hodeida and Sana'a from which the new arrivals hailed. Running her eye along the southern coast-line of Arabia she noticed the name 'Taga' and then said, "Change the T to D and you

get the word 'Dag' which is the Hebrew for fish. Turn the word round, and you have the name 'Gad'. According to astrological science the tribe of Gad is represented by the zodiacal constellation 'Pisces', and this proves that the Jews resident in southern Arabia belong to the tribe of Gad." In support of this nonsense she brought me a chart of the signs of the Zodiac on which she had written this absurd identification. This chart I still possess. Besides this identification of the Yemenites with the tribe of Gad, the chart has at its back an abstruse calculation to prove that Adam was 40 years old when Eve was created, etc. etc. The folly of the whole thing is so evident that it would not be worthwhile mentioning it, were it not for the fact that she was not satisfied with expatiating on the theme whenever she called to see my wife and me, but that she did so also to English-speaking people who, either to humour her, or because they were credulous, spread the pseudo-scientific tale and awakened an interest in the Yemenites which the latter perceiving, they were quite sharp enough to trade upon in their intercourse with English and American tourists or residents in the Holy City.

However, the above has been a digression and it is time for me to return to my narrative. My Mother and the rest of us returned to Jerusalem in the autumn in order that my sister and I, who attended the Mission Day-Schools, should have a home, but my Father remained at Artass, only coming home on Saturdays to stay over Sunday. He had been appointed to the temporary charge of the Model Farm during the absence of Dr. P., the Manager. On returning to school I found that a new German teacher was installed and that the German lessons, instead of being held, as was the custom previously, in a room near Christ Church, were now given in the school-room in Rev. W. Bs. house, the same place where we had English lessons in the morning. On asking my old school-mates the reason for the change, they told me that the former German teacher used on hot afternoons during the summer, to set them a writing or composition lesson during which he would retire behind the wooden partition by which the room was divided into two, and after refreshing himself with bread, sausage and wine which he brought with him, indulge in a sleep. Several times he slumbered till past the time for closing school, and at last one of the boys, more daring than the rest, having taken off his shoes, stole on tip-toe behind the screen, and with a lump of wax, sealed the man's long beard to the table over which he stooped, asleep with his head on his arms. The perpetrator of this practical joke, together with the other lads, then left the school-room on tip-toe, and the end of the story was that the German teacher found himself obliged to resign, and his successor had to give his instructions in the morning school-room where he could be more easily supervised. I will not vouch for the truth of this story, but give it as it was told me.

Our Mother, however, died in child-bed not long after. The new baby did not survive her long, and so taking our younger brother to live at Artass with him, our Father placed my sister and me as boarders in a European family in order that we should not lose our schooling.

In this family we were both very cruelly treated, and learnt by bitter experience what “the orphan’s woe” is—but our Father never knew all we had to bear, and we had no one to whom we dared complain. Our Father, however, perceived that something was wrong, and a year later placed my brother and me as boarders in Bishop Gobat’s Orphanage. For our poor sister however, no other home was to be found and so she had to stay on in the above mentioned family. She died, however, very suddenly and mysteriously a few months later, her body being, so the wretched couple who had charge of her said, found in the cistern. On her temples were marks as of a severe blow. How her death was caused was never explained. But a few years later, the husband having died, his widow went mad, and said in her ravings that Divine Justice required her to perish in the same manner that our sister had; so one day, some time after her supposed recovery, she made herself a long white garment, took farewell of her little ones, and jumped into a cistern outside the town where her body was afterwards found.

The admission of my brother and myself into Bishop Gobat’s school marked the commencement of a new chapter in our lives. I well remember the day our Father took us there. It was wet and windy and we were almost blown off our feet as we passed the S.W. corner of the city-wall, a little way beyond which the great school buildings were situated, perched on the ancient rock-hewn tower foundations and scarp of Jebusite times. I remember that I was greatly interested seeing two big ravens trying hard to balance themselves and make headway against the wind, but in vain. The head-master, Mr. P and his wife had been old friends of our parents, and so also were Mr. and Mrs. B., the House-parents. Mrs. P., before her marriage, had been my poor Mother’s bridesmaid, and Mrs. B. on landing at Jaffa as a bride on her way to her unknown husband, whom she had never seen before, (In those early days of the Protestant Missions in Palestine, it was not uncommon for Germans to write home to their friends or Societies, to choose and send out brides for them) was for several days a guest in our parents’ home. Both Mr. P. & B. had also been my Father’s guests when they first landed at Jaffa in the forties. They were both of them sent out by the St. Chrischona Mission in Switzerland to work under the Bishop’s auspices, and the School had been entrusted to them. Consequently my brother and I were treated as friends and soon felt ourselves at home in our new surroundings. The children of Messrs. P. & B. excepted, we were the only European children in the school. The other pupils were almost without exception orphans who had seen their fathers, and in several cases both parents, killed in the massacres of 1860 in the Lebanon and at Damascus. Out of school hours we were in charge of Herr F., also a St. Chrischona missionary, later on ordained, and did a great work at Nablus, where his name is still revered by Moslems and Samaritans. He was a kind, saintly man who seeing my love for reading, allowed me the use of his stock of books. The teaching was entirely in the hands of Mr. P. assisted by an Arabic master and a pupil teacher. Mrs. P. gave lessons in French to the first class. All subjects, languages excepted, were taught in English, and hence the institution was sometimes described to tourists and others as

“the English School where Germans teach Arabs French.” The method of teaching was thorough. There was a fixed time-table which was strictly adhered to by all teachers. The lessons were not long, only half an hour at a time, but that half hour was well used. We had few books. Arithmetic was taught on the black-board to a class at a time, and after that the illustrative problems were worked out, and when we understood the rules, other problems and sums were dictated to us to be done on our slates in the teacher’s presence. Geography was taught in front of the map, every place named being pointed out. Grammar, parsing, etc. were also taught on the black-board, and copious notes, which we had to learn by heart out of school hours, were dictated to us on the subjects of Geography, Grammar, Secular, Church, and Natural History, etc. etc. We had, of course Scripture lessons every day, a portion being read, explained and questioned in regular order. All instruction was made interesting, and as day after day passed, the pupils felt the ground grow under them.

After school hours the bigger boys were set to chop wood, dig in the garden and the smaller ones to pick corn, etc. Very often however, when the weather was fine we were taken for long walks into the country or descended into the dry bed of the Birket es Sultan, which furnished a first-rate playground before the ancient Crusaders’ cistern at its lower end was emptied of the silt which had accumulated in it, and the upper end of the Birket was used as the weekly cattle-market.

The food given us was wholesome, well cooked and plentiful and we very often had fruit. Our meals were taken in an ancient hall of the old fortification that once stood where the school was afterwards built. This hall was a long apartment with thick walls of rock and a heavy semi-cylindrical vaulted roof. At one end was a window at the end of a narrow passage about fifteen feet long. Along each side of the room modern masonry had been built so as to form recesses which, when furnished with shelves and wooden doors, formed very convenient cupboards, for provisions on one side of the chamber, and for clothing etc. on the other. The boys were seated on benches at two long tables, there being room for a person to walk comfortably along the aisles between them, and also along the walls of the dining hall. Another table placed at right angles to these two, and at the end of the room was where the house-parents, their children and the assistant-teachers, shoemakers and tailors, etc. belonging to the institution dined. They were provided with chairs. The usher, Herr Fallscheer, took his seat at the upper end of one of the boys’ tables, and in front of him lay a short kourbatch, or rhinoceros-hide whip. If any of the lads was caught speaking at meal-time, he was marched out of the room in disgrace, and, when the meal was over, solemnly laid face downwards across the seat of a chair whilst five strokes of the kourbatch were administered over the seat of his trousers. It sometimes happened that youths wearing the baggy oriental pantaloons tried to anticipate the punishment by stuffing something between the garment and their skin in order to deaden the pain of the beating. Whether Herr F. ever realised this I do not know. If he did he was too kind-hearted to show that he had discovered the fact. Caning on the

open palm of the hand was the usual punishment during school hours, for lessons unlearnt or badly done, and in order to deaden the sting of the cane, some of the boys used, out of school, to kill stetholizards and anoint their palms with the blood. The rule of silence at meals, though incumbent on the pupils, was not observed by the house parents and teachers who often carried on animated conversations at table.

The years spent in this school were some of the happiest in my life, and looking back, I can only regret that I did not make better use of the time and opportunities afforded me for learning Arabic. As I knew English when I entered, the various subjects taught in that language were easily learnt, and as I had begun German and could read it I had no difficulty in learning to speak it during intercourse with the head teacher's and the house parents' little ones, and also from story books they lent me. But very foolishly, as I must confess, I learnt as little Arabic as I could help, and what I did learn, besides reading the language, I acquired involuntarily, partly from hearing it spoken all around me, and partly because the Arab boys who were anxious to get on, used to come to me to help them with their English lessons, and to explain hard words or sentences which they could not understand till I put the sense into colloquial Arabic. In this way I learnt more than I should otherwise have done; and other circumstances besides this prevented my altogether forfeiting my opportunities. One of these was the fact that the school house also served as a hostel at which the various agents—native and others—connected with the Bishop's Mission used to be entertained when business brought them to Jerusalem. Of these native workers, hardly any knew English and the task of translating their reports used to fall to the lot of the Arabic master, whose own knowledge of English was deficient, and who frequently asked me how to render Arabic phrases into English. Afterwards, in order to get rid of all trouble, began to send the catechists etc. to me. This flattered my vanity and the work was done by their telling me what they wanted to say in the everyday dialect which I then wrote out sentence by sentence in English. Another thing which served to keep me from not learning Arabic was the fact that Herr F. used during the long winter evenings to collect us boys round the play-room fire, and either practice his own Arabic by telling us stories, or by making one or the other of us tell stories in turn. When he left the school in order to enter upon his missionary work at Nablus, we lads of our own accord carried on the custom, and in this way I got to hear several of the tales which have appeared in print in my "Folk Lore of the Holy Land". On one occasion when it was my turn to tell a story I dished up, with various embellishments, Rabbi Benjamin of Tudela's account of the discovery of King David's Tomb and connected it with the ancient rock-hewn staircase in the Protestant cemetery adjoining the school-garden, which I assured my hearers would be found to lead down to the vault in which the famous King's treasures were buried. In consequence of this story, some of us rashly resolved to employ our play hour during several days in trying to excavate the buried steps, but at last, finding the work beyond our strength, we had to give it up. Some years later I told one of Capt. Warren's non-commissioned officers of these steps and, as a result, another attempt

was made to clear them. (See Recovery of Jerusalem - p. 280, and Quarterly Statements - "Lieut. Conder's Reports"). It was not till 1874 that I had the satisfaction of seeing these extremely important, as well as the scarps connected therewith, and interesting remains thoroughly laid bare by Mr. Maudslay.

From the foregoing it will be seen that my reading various books, and also the circumstances surrounding me, had invested everything about me with a romantic glamour, as if I were dwelling in fairyland. In fact from my earliest childhood almost, I had become subject to chronic "Palestine on the brain!" I found myself dwelling in a great, absorbingly interesting museum of animate and inanimate objects, both antiquarian and zoological. The books I read, the walks we took to various spots of historical interest in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem, the trees and animals of the Bible which I saw around me daily, the great troops of oriental pilgrims that came on horses, mules, camels and asses to the Holy City to celebrate Easter, the companies of howling dervishes that simultaneously made their appearance on their way to Neby Mousa, the customs and manners, the various costumes of oriental Christian ecclesiastics and laymen, the tales of magicians, and caves containing enchanted "Jinn" guarded treasure, which my school mates spoke so seriously about, and the ancient many chambered rock tombs which we explored together during our walks abroad, all these things and many others tended to keep alive within me an intense interest in the historical and other associations of the wonderful country I was living in, and furnished my sleeping hours with dreams of marvellous discoveries and adventures. It also often happened that when English friends of the Bishop visited Jerusalem, and wanted an English-speaking boy to guide them, the empire of COOK with its army of dragomans not having as yet invaded Palestine, I was the lad chosen for the, to me, delightful task, and if it happened, as was only natural, that I was often unable to give an answer to some question put to me by the persons I was guiding, (Lord Hervey was one of these visitors to Palestine)—I made a note of it and later on tried by reading or enquiry to ascertain the correct answer for my own information as well as for future use.

Our midsummer holidays were, the first year of our sojourn at Bp. Gobat's School, spent at the Model Farm at Jaffa. When the School broke up for this vacation, my brother and I, together with about a dozen other lads who had homes in the Lebanon or Damascus, started under Herr Fallscheer's care for the sea-coast. Every couple of us shared a donkey that had come up from Jaffa the night before bringing fruit and vegetables. Many were the laughs and jokes enjoyed at the expense of one or the other of us who managed to fall off his steed by the way, for the road was still in the condition already described. We had plenty of food, bread, cold meat, hard boiled eggs and grapes, and every now and then stopped to rest, eat and drink. Our halting places were Colonia, Abu Ghosh, Bab el Wad and Ramleh. The last named was reached at sunset, and we stopped here for the night which we spent lying wrapped in our rugs on the floor of the school room connected with Bishop Gobat's Mission.

Next day, after having walked through the town, and visited the old Crusader church, climbed the famous old minaret of Bibars, explored the subterranean vaults close by, and viewed the huge cisterns at a little distance, we remounted the asses and continued our journey, reaching Jaffa in good time. Herr F. and the boys went with my brother and me to the Model Farm where they stayed for some hours before embarking in the afternoon on the steamer proceeding up the coast.

During the vacation, which lasted two months, I found a great deal that was new and interesting, such as the way in which the great water wheels for irrigation of the orange gardens were worked—the multitude of small snails encrusting and feeding on the wild plants all around, an otter shot on the Aujeh, a seal caught off the coast, and bulbuls and sun birds etc., not seen in the hill country. There were lizards which were not like those around Jerusalem, of the same colour as the olive trees up which they swarm, but the same as the sand, etc. I also visited the water-mills on the Aujeh, (the Me-Yarkon, or green water of Joshua XIX. 46, one of the land marks past which ran the northern boundary line of the territory of Dan.) close to the hillock on which Napoleon is said to have encamped in 1799. An old man named Domian was still living at Jaffa when my brother and I were there, and he often related his recollections of the French occupation; and how Napoleon and his staff used every morning to gallop from the Aujeh over the sand dunes to the high ground overlooking the sea south of Jaffa to examine the sky line in hopes of espying the French fleet bringing reinforcements, which never arrived, as the English had effectually prevented their doing so. Domian had also been an eye-witness of the massacre of the Turkish prisoners by orders of the French Commander. It was one of the cruel necessities of war. They had, according to this informant, been taken prisoners before near Gaza, but given their liberty on condition that they should not again bear arms against the French, a condition which they broke. They were therefore, according to Domian's graphic description, marched out into the theatre-like recess on the shore, just southwest of the town and shot down. After the first volleys were fired, a good many of them who had not been hit, broke out of the crowd of wounded and dying and, rushing to the shore, waded or swam out to the reef or fringe of rocks bordering it. Here they stood with hands outstretched crying "Aman, Aman!" (Safety! Safety!, meaning Give us pardon.) The firing was stopped and signs made to them to approach, but no sooner had they got to shore again, when they were mercilessly shot down.

I also found my way into the small cemetery at Mt. Hope where Mrs. Minor and her fellow-workers sleep 'awaiting the Bridegroom's Coming'. (See Pal. Exp. Fund's Quarterly Statement for April 1900.) But in their little house close by, there were only ignorant fellahin none of whom were able to relate her story which I was very anxious to know but did not learn till many years later, when in the American Protestant Episcopal periodical "The Churchman" of New York for October 10, 17th, 24th, and 31st, 1896 I read it at length. My Father, whom on my return to the Model Farm I

asked about them, only said that they had been members of an American Mission that had come to grief and left no results. The narrative in "The Churchman" is entitled "A Fanatic and her Mission".

The holidays over, my brother and I returned to school where I remained for a couple of years longer before being sent to continue my studies at the C.M.S. Malta Protestant College. This institution was originally intended for the education of European children whose parents were living in the East and could not conveniently send them to schools in Europe. The late Canon Walters, C.M.S. Consul Dickson, Dr. Max Sandreczeki, Rev. Mr. Eppstein (L.J.S.), and others had all in their time been inmates, and when I got there I found several Jerusalem lads whom I had known when attending the L.J.S. Day school. The rest of the students were tall black bearded Bulgarians, Italians and Greeks of whom I felt no little awe when I first appeared amongst them. As however, I am proceeding too fast with my reminiscences I must say a little about my voyage. At Jaffa I embarked on the Austrian Lloyd's paddle-wheel steamer "Egitto", and was landed forty eight hours later at Alexandria. I had travelled under the care of a German missionary lady who, having chosen her hotel, sent me with a guide to the Scotch missionary Dr. Yule to whom I had a letter of introduction from the Bishop, and who received me very kindly and took me into his house. His family was absent but a couple of missionary ladies kept house for him. I do not remember the exact reason why I could not get a passage at once to Malta, but think it was because of the cholera then raging. Consequently I stayed for three or four weeks under Dr. Yule's roof. He held services for sailors and others on board a vessel named "The Bethel Ship" in the harbour, and also in a large ground floor apartment in the town. I, of course, attended these services. He took the trouble to examine me as to my acquirements. I think I must have been a very conceited young donkey, for I remember that when he tried me in Zoology, on my knowledge of which I was rather vain—though, in fact I had learnt only the barest outlines—he put to me the question, "Describe a cow?" and when I had done my best in classifying it as a mammal ruminant etc. etc., he only shook his head, and to the amusement of the two above-mentioned ladies, told me that it was impossible to recognize the creature from my description. This, of course, hurt my vanity, but it was a wise and wholesome lesson which I shall ever remember. Otherwise there was no incident during my stay at Alexandria which is worth recording. The condition of things generally was that which has so often been described in books of travel written before the opening of the Suez Canal. The only things I may mention are that the great Square had recently been lighted with gas, that the short line of railway to Ramleh was opened during my stay at the place, and that my kind host took me to see a train pass, showed me Cleopatra's Needle and its companion obelisk in the yard of the station, and sent me on donkey-back with a guide to view Pompey's Pillar. Besides this, I of my own accord went several times to have a good look at a couple of seated statues in black stone which were lying on their backs on the shore close to the landing place, and a small sphinx which I had noticed close to a house-door in a street leading out of the

grand Square.

My stay at Alexandria came to an end at last, and embarking on board the P&O paddle-wheel steamer "Delta," I found myself ushered into a world that contrasted sharply and strangely with both Palestine or Egypt as they were half a century ago.

The former was a land of ruins and desolation. The towns of Jaffa and Jerusalem were simply aggregations of tumble-down buildings with crooked narrow and filthy streets meandering between them. In their construction the architects, whoever they may have been, had shown the greatest contempt and disregard for either straight lines or right angles. Rubbish heaps met and offended the eyes at every turn. In many of the dwellings the sweepings of centuries had been piled up into chambers and these, when they were filled to the ceiling with garbage, had been walled up. When some of the LJS missionaries first came to live in the Holy City they had to have several such chambers emptied out, plastered and whitewashed before they were able to make any use of them. At the present day at Jerusalem, Jaffa and Damascus, you may still now and then notice a street-corner filled up by what seems a quarter of a hemisphere of masonry. It is simply an old dunghill which the municipality has walled over in order not to be at the expense of removing it. Poverty, squalor and filth stared you in the face on every side. There was no order or cleanliness except in the dwellings of Europeans of the better class. Everything and everybody else had a look of shabbiness and antiquity. The animals one met, horses, asses, camels, dogs, cats, sheep, oxen etc. all looked dirty, diseased and starving. Nothing was bright and clean except the trees and flowers in spring, but the latter withered as soon as the hot weather came, and the former became covered with dust especially if growing near public roads.

At Alexandria, though at this time many improvements had been introduced, yet on every hand you still behold the rust, dust and patina of bye-gone ages.

Now all this was left behind. On board a vessel with scrupulously clean decks and brightly shining brass fittings, new objects presented themselves on every hand. The voyage occupied three days. When I had got over the first attack of sea-sickness and had grown accustomed to the various objects on the vessel itself, I looked away over the sea. Gaily painted fishing boats sailed past, seeming unduly bright and cheerful as if their owners and crews simply ignored "the evil eye". As we approached our destination and entered the quarantine-harbour, the walls of Forts St. Elmo and Tigni were passed. Strong, but strangely clean and devoid of plants growing from between the courses of stone, they frowned down upon us on either side. Their bareness of small bushes, caper-plants or young wild fig and almond trees quite surprised me. Passing the city of Valetta, built tier upon tier of yellowish or cream coloured stone on the promontory to our left, our vessel at last came to anchor close to Fort Manoel. During the voyage the sailors had been very kind to me, who was the only deck-passenger on board, and one of the engineers, who was on night duty, allowed me to sleep in his cabin, and now that we were to part kindly arranged with a boatman to put

me on shore at Shema, the little group of houses on the other side of the tongue of land on which the College was situated. On landing a police officer came up, made me open my box to show that I was no smuggler, and then very good naturedly arranged with the driver of a springcart to take me and my box to St. Julian's. It was my first carriage-drive as far as I can recollect and as I was bowled along the wonderfully smooth and wide road, I felt rather important—though this did not prevent my admiring the showy stone houses with a lion sculptured in full relief on either side of the entrance of one. The generally treeless appearance of the country and the brown fields of which I caught glimpses every now and then did not strike me as anything unusual, as they were much the same as in Palestine. A short drive brought me to my destination—and I became “a College Student.”

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Shortly before I left Jerusalem my Father gave me a great deal of good advice as to my behaviour, the need of diligence in my studies etc. etc. but of all he said I only remember one thing which was perhaps truer than he himself knew. It was this: “You are leaving your boyhood to cross over into incipient manhood. To be a College Student may seem a grand thing, it certainly means a great opportunity, and yet its importance will depend mainly on yourself, I have myself been the inmate of a college and know what I am saying, though it may seem strange to you. Though you are going to a College it does not follow that you will be as well or as conscientiously taught as you have been in Bp. Gobat's School. You will have to depend largely on your own earnestness and perseverance if you are to get on, and outside of the hours in class-room there will be a great deal to distract your mind and keep you from your books. If, however, book-learning were the only object for which you are being sent to Malta, it would be wiser to bring out the books needed and let you read for yourself in Jerusalem. Lord Shaftesbury has, however, kindly undertaken to defray the expenses of your stay at Malta, and if you do well there it may be a stepping-stone to higher things. An English proverb says, “Give a dog a bad name and hang him.” There is much truth in this, and a great deal depends not only upon a good, but also upon a showy name. Even should Providence not enable you to study at Cambridge or Oxford, the fact that you were at the Malta College and did well there will be a valuable asset towards your success in the future. But remember that your success will now depend mainly on your own exertions and diligence and not on the teaching-powers of your College Teachers.”

It was not till I had been for a few days at College that I realized the wisdom of these remarks. As I have already mentioned I found that my fellow-students were none of them either English or German, but Greeks, Bulgarians, Armenians, Sicilians, etc., many of them great bearded men who had come to the College in order to learn English, and most of them were weak in that language. Consequently, to my great surprise, I found myself after a short examination placed in the first class along with the most advanced of them. Besides the Principal, who happened to be in England at

the time of my arrival, the whole teaching staff then consisted of one English and one French master, and the latter, who gave lessons at the Roman Catholic College in the morning and only taught for two hours a day in the afternoon in the M.P.C., spent the whole of his time with the first class who had learned French before they came to Malta. Only on two occasions did he condescend to correct my exercises because I was a beginner and he said that he could not give time to a class of one. This was, of course, very disappointing, but I did the best I could by reading French books for myself. I recommenced a study of Latin, but in this also I was all alone. There was indeed another student of Latin, but he had been for several years at the College and was reading while I was working at the declensions and the English master, who also bore the title of classical tutor, did not take any trouble on my account. However, I persevered both at Malta and after leaving it and in time was able to read through and enjoy Cornelius Nepos, Aesop's Fables as versified by Phaedrus, Caesar, Sallust etc., though this is the only occasion on which I have made the boast. When I first entered the Institution, Greek was not one of the subjects taught. I suppose that the English "Classical Tutor" felt shy of teaching the Greek when there were youths present to whom the language had been familiar from their childhood. Some weeks after my arrival, however, a Greek student, recently admitted, was appointed to teach his compatriots Greek who acknowledged his being a better scholar than any of them. As I did not know a word of the language, and he was only beginning to learn English, I was unable to avail myself of his instruction—especially as there were several Greek lads who could and did assist him with his English studies.

In due time the examinations, which lasted over a week, arrived. All questions were set in writing, and had to be answered in the same way—the teachers being present to see that the work was honestly done and that no student had written notes to help him. How I stood at the end of the trial I was never, as far as I can remember, informed officially, but a letter received some time later from my Father told me that the Principal had written to the Bishop that I had done very well indeed. I was surprised at this when I thought of the wretched method of teaching and the little interest the teachers themselves seemed to take as to whether anyone made any progress or not. Another thing that surprised me was that these gentlemen apparently thought more of our becoming proficient in out-of-door sports than in serious study. Out of school-hours they steered the great College long-boat whilst we took the oars; they superintended the cricket and hockey-games, and during the bathing season took us down to the sea twice a day. In fact, it seemed to me that study was only a farce and the real object aimed at was efficiency in sports. Prizes were offered for gymnastics, running, jumping, swimming, etc., but none for lessons. Very possibly the view taken was that as Knowledge brings its own reward no other incentive to acquire it should be given. However, a few prize-books for lessons were given away—and College closed for the summer. So it came to pass that whilst I felt that I was wasting my time as far as study was concerned, I learnt to row, to swim, to play hockey fairly well, also something of cricket. Besides this, we boys had small garden-plots assigned to

us, and in partnership with a Bulgarian I managed to raise some really fine lettuces. Whilst we were working, my partner one day showed me a very interesting thing, namely, how to snare the Malta lizards—by pandering to their love for music. Standing beside a sun-lit wall on which the pretty creatures had been basking, he plucked a long stalk of wild oats, carefully stripped off the seeds and then deftly made a running noose at the supple end of the stalk. On his approach, the lizards slipped into cracks in the wall, but when he began to whistle a tune one by one put its head out and held it sideways to listen—when the noose was dexterously slipped over its head, and it was caught. After some practice I also learnt this trick. We did no harm to the poor creatures and always let them go again, but still it was very remarkable to see how fond they seemed of music. In Palestine I have remarked that spiders are also sensitive to rhythmic sounds.

Whilst the great bearded men were lodged in what was called ‘the Mission-house’—a building at a short distance from the College—and were practically free from control out of study hours and allowed to go where they liked, provided they were in time for chapel, classes and meals, we lads slept in a huge dormitory under the superintendence of the English master. On Sunday afternoons we were taken for walks along the sea-shore. On several other occasions during weekdays we also had outings. Thus we were once taken across the water to see the Carnival masquerades at Valetta, and on the Queen’s birthday to a point overlooking the Grand Harbour and St. Angelo in order to see the guns from the forts and the men of war in harbour firing salutes. During the Christmas season we were all invited to great tea-meetings in the Wesleyan and other chapels. On another occasion we went through the Palace of the Grand Master of the Knights of Malta and shown the collection of relics of the Order. I was greatly interested in the long series of suits of plate-armour, the medicine jars arranged along the walls, the trumpet which had sounded the retreat from Rhodes, the collection of Papal Bulls and other documents relating to the history of the famous Knights, and an old cannon covered with leather, etc. But for all that these historic relics seemed to me incongruously *new* and most suspiciously clean, an impression which was all the more strengthened by noticing a special man whose work I was told was constant, found employment not merely in furbishing, but in *repairing* the suits of mail as well.

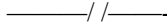
During my stay at Malta I also had opportunities of visiting St. Paul’s Bay (so-called) because it has been satisfactorily identified, as is shown in Smith’s “Voyage and Shipwreck of St. Paul,” and also in other works, with the place where the Apostle’s vessel was wrecked on his voyage to Rome. One of these visits which formed a picnic in honour of a visit to the College by Rev. T. W., who had formerly been a student in the institution, was marked by a practical joke played on him and the College teachers by the grownup students. On reaching the bay we all lunched together on the shore on cold turkey, etc. The only thing that was specially reserved for the teachers was some beer. One of these bottles they kept unopened, intending to

drink it on their return from the island of Selmun on which a colossal statue of the Apostle had been erected a few years previously. Two big boats were in waiting to convey us over. The teachers and boys went in one, taking the precious beer with them, and the grownup students embarked in the other. Having spent some time on the rock, which seems to bear nothing but squills with the great bulbs of which we pelted one another, the signal was given to return. Hereupon, the grownups hurried down to the shore, got into the teachers' boat, in which I had already taken my seat, and pushed off. We were a good way across the bay when teachers and boys reached the other boat. The men now opened and drank the bottle of beer, filled it up with sea-water, and then carefully corked and wired it. On reaching the rocky shore, the drinking-glass or glasses were purposely let fall, as if by accident, and broken. When the teachers landed, a new lot of refreshments, cake and fruit were handed round and the teachers called for and opened their supposed beer bottle and drew the cork. As there was no glass they agreed to drink in turn from the bottle. When the first had done so he, without moving a muscle, handed the bottle to the second, and winked to him to pass it on to the next. Thus each of the teachers had to take a dose of sea-water, and did so without seeming surprised or making any enquiries. They all played the game bravely, though it went against them, and did not give the authors of the joke the satisfaction of knowing that they had been annoyed.

As a matter of fact I soon discovered that there was very little love lost between the grownup students and the two English teachers, a second having arrived a few weeks after I entered the College. The Greeks, Bulgarians, and Italians were very proud and sensitive and, rightly or wrongly, continually taking offence whenever the English men made a remark which might be interpreted as casting a slur on anything that was not '*British*,' and at last matters reached such a critical stage that one of the men gave a teacher a slap in the face in the presence of the whole class. I am not sure whether the slap was not given in just retaliation for one given by the teacher who had lost his temper. The matter, of course, created a general row and, as the men all stood together when brought before the Principal, no punishment was, so far as I being a boy could ascertain, meted out to the offender and the teacher soon afterwards returned to England.

I was very sorry when he left because he had been kind to me, as had also Mr. Symons the College secretary who knew a little German, and to whom I gave lessons in that language. There were also constant bickerings between students of different nationalities—Bulgarian against Greek, Armenian or Italian and vice versa—so that I soon grew sick of the whole crew, kept very much to myself, and at last felt not a bit sorry when one fine summer's day the Principal announced that the College would now close and not be reopened because the Americans were about to open a College at Beyrout, and there would therefore be no further need for such an institution at Malta. As a result of this announcement, the students returned by steamers to their own homes, but two other Jerusalem boys and I had a couple of weeks longer before

we were south-bound for Alexandria.



The vessel we embarked on was the ‘Arabia,’ a new boat, the crew of which boasted that she was the first screw passenger-boat that had crossed the Mediterranean. The voyage to Alexandria took three days, during which an incident occurred which eventually led to a great change in my views concerning men and life. The ship was crowded with passengers of all sorts and of different nationalities, and therefore speaking different languages. Whilst conversing with an Arab I happened, out of a spirit of bravado, because I was feeling free from any oversight and fear of rebuke, to utter, for the first and I trust the last time in my life, an Arabic oath! My conscience smote me immediately afterwards when I noticed a venerable Franciscan monk who stood not far off, start and turn round to look at me. I did not then know that he understood Arabic. Next day, when I happened to be alone on deck, he came up also and entered into conversation with me. Having enquired in a most kind and friendly way about my destination etc., he gradually turned the conversation to my having used those wicked words the day before. He reminded me, to my shame and confusion, that I had done wrong. However, I was not only ashamed of myself, but also greatly astonished to find myself corrected by ‘so wicked a man as a Roman Catholic monk.’ Hitherto I had believed all monks, especially Romanist, to be special children and servants of the Evil One. My teachers, since my Mother’s death, had all been professedly devout Protestants, and the literature I had been nourished on consisted mainly of stories of Protestant martyrs at the time of the Reformation. Consequently I had come to look on all other Christians with contempt or pity, and their monks and nuns as a body of superstitious and idle idolaters, etc. In fact, I had become a fanatic Protestant prig. From the moment the Franciscan, whom I have never met again, left me, doubts began to arise in my mind as to whether my former teachers had been, if not liars, yet misinformed and prejudiced concerning non-Protestant Christians. When mentally taking stock of my religious opinions, I came to realize more and more that they had been formed, not from real personal conviction, but only because I had been born of Protestant parents, and brought up by Protestant teachers. As the years passed by and I came oftener into contact with Roman Catholic ecclesiastics, and during the Great War, with monks and nuns serving wounded and dying, I steadily learnt to appreciate, not indeed Romanist doctrines, but their self-sacrifice, and to value Christ’s words, “By their fruits ye shall know them.” Having been born sitting on one side of a fence I now got astride it and began to observe what was happening on the other side as well, and noticed that there were good as well as bad people amongst all classes and religions, Christian, Jewish or Moslem.

On reaching Alexandria where, on account of quarantine declared against Palestine and Syria, we had to wait for several weeks, my religious feelings received a second shock. On leaving Malta, the Principal of the College had furnished me and my

companions, lads of about fifteen years of age, with letters of recommendation to a certain English clergyman who was British chaplain to the Keiserswerther deaconesses. On presenting our letter to the sisters we were sent to the chaplain. He, to my surprise, received us very ungraciously, and remarking that it was a “great impertinence on the part of the M.P.C. Principal to recommend us to him,” sent us back to the Deaconesses. Such an outburst of temper by a Church of England parson seemed to me to be very shocking, and it was a long time till I got over the ill impression it had made. Returning to the Deaconesses, we were kindly received and treated all the time we were with them, notwithstanding the trouble and expense they had because of us.

When at last we reached Jerusalem I at once reported myself to Bishop Gobat’s, who sent me back to his school where I lived as a pupil teacher from October 1865 until April 1867, when I was directed to join Lieut. Warren’s (afterwards General Sir Ch. Warren), exploring and excavating party as interpreter. I did so, but need not tell of our work as the details are well known from the publications of the Palestine Exploration Fund, under which I worked till Sept. 30th 1869, though even after that I remained interested in it and often wrote articles for its Quarterly Statements.

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CONCLUSION: When viewing the various experiences of my life, I cannot help recalling an incident occurring during my childhood. My Mother was bathing me when my Father entered the room. I was rather longlimbed for my age, and my Mother asked my Father whether he had entered in order to look at her little ‘Long-shanks.’

“Not Long-shanks, but Issachar,” was his reply.

“Why Issachar?” asked my Mother.

“Because like that patriarch he will, I foresee, be a strong boned ass crouching between two burdens,” said my Father.

His words proved in a manner prophetic. All through my life I have been obliged to ‘sit astride a fence’ between Jews and Gentiles, Germans and Englishmen, Orientals and Europeans, observing the faults and also the virtues on either side, and yet keeping my own.

“Issachar is a strong (boned) ass, crouching between two burdens. And he saw that rest was good, and the land that it was pleasant; and bowed his shoulder to bear, and he became a servant unto tribute.” Genesis 49:14-15.

“Issachar . . . (and Zebulun). . shall call the people unto the mountain; there they shall offer sacrifices of righteousness; for they shall suck of the abundance of the seas, and of treasures hid in the sands.” Deut. 33:18-19.

Even thus has it been. “Ebenezer! Hitherto has the Lord helped me,” To Him be all

Praise and Glory.